The Liberalist

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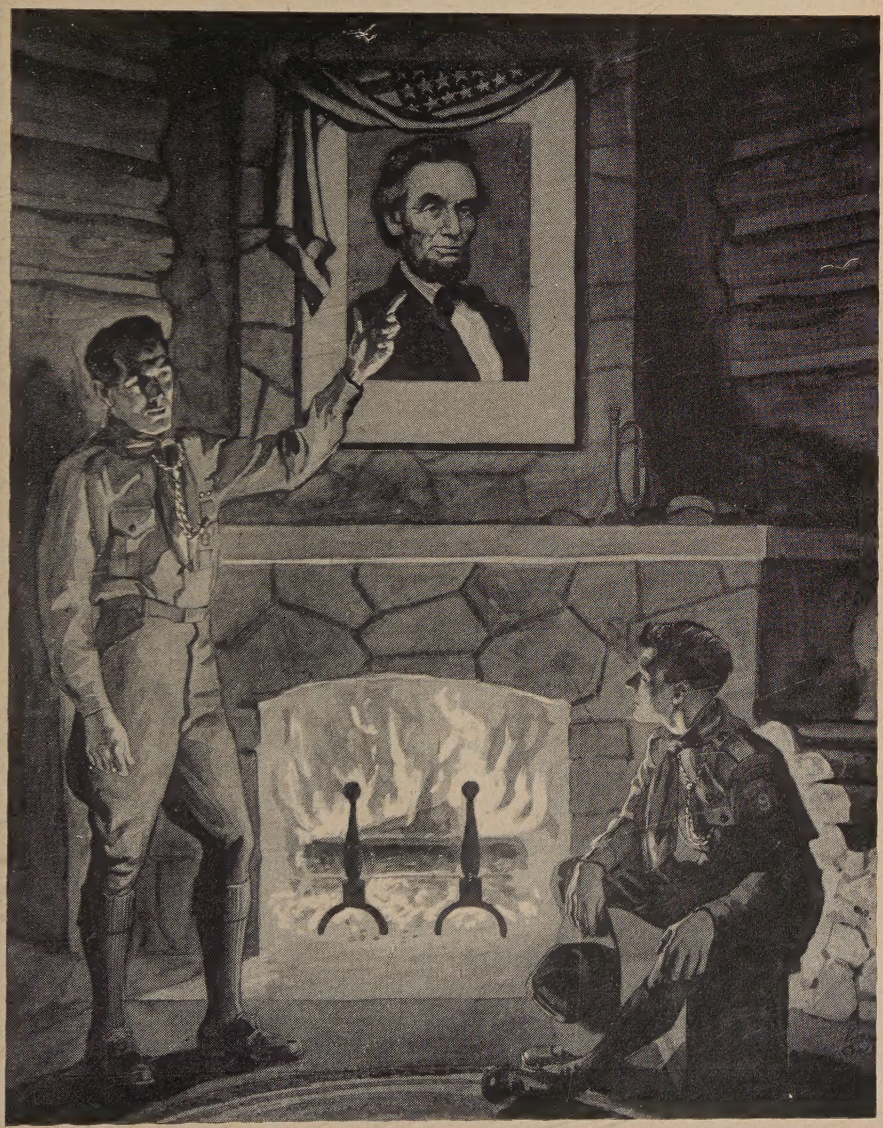

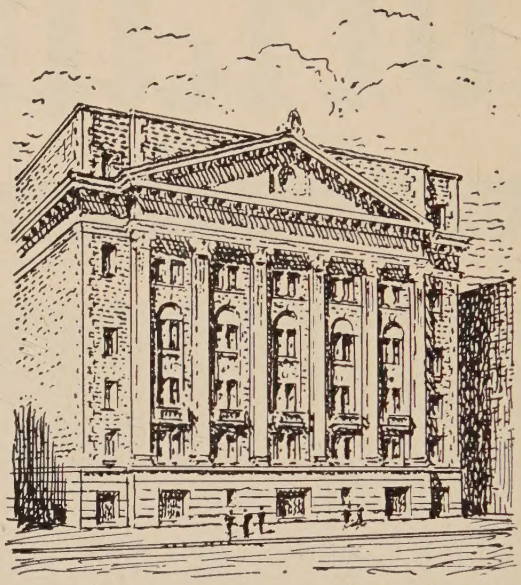

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BECAUSE of the time factor it was necessary for me to write last month's "Along the Way" before we had the beautiful experience of our Christmas season in the church. First of all, if anyone who sent us such beautiful Christmas cards, letters, greetings and telegrams did not hear my acknowledgment from the pulpit, I hope you will accept these inadequate words of gratitude.

Never in the 42 Christmas seasons which I have spent with our church have we received more Christmas greetings. More than 2,000 greeting cards arrived at the church and at our home. After carefully reading each one, enjoying its beauty and appreciating the spirit in which it was sent, they were all taken to the Veteran's Hospital at Hines. The patients there enjoy Christmas cards which are brought to them most gratefully. By cutting and clipping them they make all sorts of attractive posters and designs. Some of them trim the cards away from the sentiments expressed and post the cut-outs on heavy cardboard and send them to their friends, or hang them in their rooms where they can be seen easily.

There is hardly any more tragic sight than a discarded Christmas card in a waste basket or a Christmas tree lying in an alley. As we drive to church Sunday mornings, we turn off from Clarendon into the alley directly back of the church, which makes it more convenient for me to enter the church from the rear of the building. The other Sunday morning we passed two discarded Christmas trees—forgotten, abandoned and at the mercy of the elements. A slight pang went through my heart as I thought of the joy and the merriment which that tree had brought to some child's heart. Then I had to remember that the reality of the tree was something quite different than the physical, discarded tree, no longer needed. The love which had surrounded the tree, the happiness which it had brought to a home, the joy of some father and mother was not limited by the physical structure of the tree. The real Christmas still lived and the spirit which the tree symbolized is the reality of Christmas.

* * *

In many respects this Christmas season in the church was the happiest and most enjoyable and inspiring one I have ever known. It is always a nostalgic time for me and the memories of the years are tinged with some sadness because of those who participated so deeply in the Chrismas season who are no longer here. I am thinking of the many who have been bereaved during the year and for whom the first Christmas without their loved ones is always a sad Christmas. Between the two Christmases I have conducted 115 funeral services. I could not help but think of those 115 families on their first Christmas without their loved ones. I know how the heart can ache and I also know the comfort which comes from beautiful memories that time can never eradicate.

The music of the church during the entire season was of exceptionally high standard. Our Quartet and Chorus Choir were never better. The quality of our music is such that I hear it spoken of everywhere I go. Our Director of Music, Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, is one of the great directors of this country, as he is also one of its great organists. During the summer, when our

church was closed, he had the music at the famous First Methodist Church of Hollywood, California. I have received many fine reactions from his work there during the summer.

Our Quartet is composed of professional singers, all of whom devote their entire life to music and the inspiring situation for me is that each one is devoted to the work of our church, and the warm friendship which I have with them and with every member of the Choir inspires me at every service of the church. The co-operation between the minister and the music is essential to the spirit of worship and I know of no minister in this country who has any more loyal co-operation than I. For this I am most grateful.

Our Christmas music is always chosen with an appreciation of its excellency and greatness, rather than its popularity. I have always believed, by being exposed constantly to the highest type of music, art, drama, poetry and religion, that one without any technical or academic training whatever is able to cultivate an appreciation for the best. Excellency has its own powerful attraction. One may never have known anything technical about great art, but if one will improve the opportunity of knowing great art, it will not be long until the cheap and the shoddy and the superficial will have no more appeal.

* * *

Christmas Sunday dawned with disappointing and disagreeable weather, but the moment I entered the pulpit I was surrounded with beautiful flowers, with the pulpit and choir loft decked with green boughs sent from the environs of our beloved little island in the Northland of Minnesota, by Mr. Dan Lappala, which helped to create an atmosphere of happiness and joy. The smiling faces of the great congregation reflected the happiness in their hearts on this Christmas Sunday.

On Christmas Eve, at 11 o'clock, we held our annual Christmas Eve Service. Coming out of the night into our church sanctuary, brilliantly lighted and adorned with loveliness, we spent the last hour before Christmas Day in a service of inspiration and beauty.

I stood for a long time after midnight greeting friends and visitors from all over Chicago, and many from outside the city who had come to spend Christmas Day with relatives and friends. It was after 2:00 o'clock Christmas morning before we returned home, a little tired but with happy hearts for the love and appreciation of the people of our church who have for so long unselfishly given us of their friendship and love.

Christmas Sunday evening was our Annual Candle Light Service. Appearing on the program were about 100 of the young children from our church school. It is a never-to-be-forgotten experience to sit in darkness in the church sanctuary and listen to the first note of the organ as those on the program, with their lighted candles and in white robes leave the foyer on the main floor and march down the aisles to the pulpit, holding their candles in front of them and singing one of the loveliest of all the Christmas carols, "The First Noël."

For years Jimmie always presented the Uptown Players in an appropriate play, and it had become a tradition. The last Christmas he was with us he played the part of Scrooge in Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol. He was never finer and the Players never gave a better performance. Little did I think, as we sat there thrilled and inspired by that Christmas of 1950 that it was to be the last; but we have kept up the tradition, and Mr. Franklin W. Adams, director of the Jack and Jill Players, who grew up in our Church School and whose family has been iden-

tified with our church for years, presented the Christmas play "The Enchanted Christmas Tree," using his own fine group of Players, with several members of the cast from our own Church School. The large and appreciative congregation went out into the night at the conclusion of our service, I am quite sure, with a larger appreciation of Christmas and a deeper understanding of what it meant.

* * *

Between Christmas and New Year's I was unusually busy for the season of the year, for I was invited to take Mr. Earl Nightingale's place on his morning television program over WGN-TV while he went away for three weeks. This I did and enjoyed the experience. Together with funerals, weddings and one trip to Minneapolis, where I had the opportunity of speaking to more than 700 salesmen who had gathered for their annual Christmas banquet, the week passed all too quickly and soon New Year's was over; and here we are in the midst of January, meeting the daily challenges which come to the life of a busy minister.

Our Watch Night Service on the last night of the old year is always an impressive experience. This year was no exception and while the weather was inclement, the attendance was large. As the midnight chimes rang out from our organ we all stood and sang together "Old Lang Syne." In what more appropriate way can one spend the closing hour of a fading year than in a service of worship and inspiration? I noticed with a great deal of satisfaction that this year more than any other people were abandoning the idea of spending the night in feasting and drinking and frivolity and were giving it more serious attention. All along the line cafes and restaurants reported a decline in drinking and in business. I met people at our own service who told me afterwards that it was the first New Year's Eve in their whole life that they ever spent in church. Most of the churches in Chicago had Watch Night Services and the press reports indicated that the congregations were exceptional. I noticed several pastors said the attendance was larger than at their Sunday services.

All of this is indicative of the new spirit which I find everywhere I go. It is not necessarily an interest in ecclesiasticism or a credal theology, but it does indicate that people are becoming increasingly aware of a spiritual need and that life consists in more than merely the accumulation of wealth or pleasure. They are seeking for a meaning to life.

* * *

The first Sunday in January each year I have always used the same subject—the word "Courage." It is always one of the most largely attended of our church services during the year and this year was no exception. We received a nice group of new members into the church, whose names you will find elsewhere in this issue. We never urge membership in the church on anyone. We never mention a financial obligation in connection with membership, for there is none. We never put on a membership campaign or use any kind of pressure whatever. We believe that church membership should come from a deep desire and a thoughtful attitude on the part of those who want to unite with the church.

We have no creed which requires an acceptance of any particular belief. We respect the right of individual thinking not only for the pew but for the pulpit as well. Our church from the beginning has been an experiment in what we think is true democracy in religion. There is no ecclesiastical authority over the church. Each church is a sovereign church. There is no intel-

lectual assent required on any theological position. This system has its weakness and its good points. The covenant which we all say together when new members are publicly received into the church is a very simple one, but most inclusive: "We unite for the worship of God and the service of man." Anyone, no matter what his or her individual interpretation of theology might be, is always welcome to our membership.

* * *

I cannot understand how we neglected having a Guest Register in the outer lobby of the main floor for so many years. When we started this church year we placed a register in the church lobby, resting on the restored pulpit which was presented to the church on the occasion of my 40th anniversary. The Business and Professional Woman's Club had the pulpit restored to its original condition, on which I preached my first sermon in the church in 1912. The pulpit had been used in the School of Religious Education in Channing Hall for many years. Now at every service it is the center of interest to the people who come to the services.

The bronze plaque on the pulpit itself tells its history. As I go over the names of visitors sometime during the week after a Sunday's service, I am always surprised at the distance from which people come and also the variety of the religious denominations to which they belong. On a recent Sunday we had fourteen states represented, five foreign countries and eighteen different religious denominations, including the Roman Catholic and Jewish. This visitor's register has given me an understanding of the wide range of loyalties which people have, who yet will attend the services of a liberal church. Sometime when there is more time and space I am going to analyze our visitor's register for you, for I think it will be to you, as it was to me, of great interest.

* * *

Because of the many speaking engagements which I have, it is an unusual thing for me to have an evening to myself. That precludes my seeing many plays or attending many concerts and enjoying other occasions which those less busy are fortunate in being able to do. When we received an invitation from Mr. Otto Eitel to attend the recital of the great pianist, Walter Gieseking, we decided that somehow, if we could not hear all of his program, we would hear as much as we could.

The program was given Sunday evening, January 18th, and was to begin at 8:15. Inasmuch as we have a Sunday evening service at 7:00 o'clock, I knew it would be impossible to get there before 8:30. That Sunday was the coldest Sunday we have had in Chicago since 1930, the thermometer registering in the morning 7 below zero. Immediately after the evening service which had an attendance way beyond my expectations, we went to the Civic Opera House. We missed the Mozart number, but heard the rest of the program.

Our Opera House, seating more than 3,000 people, was packed to overflowing and there were people seated in the orchestra pit. As we walked down the long aisle to our seats in the seventh row, between numbers, I turned and glanced at the great audience. It was an affirmation of what I have often said: that the people of Chicago respond to the best in music, drama and literature with as much enthusiasm as in any city in the world. Not only were we inspired beyond description by the artistry and genius of the great Gieseking, but we sat directly behind Yehudi Menuhin, one of the greatest living violinists, who had giv-

en a concert that afternoon in Orchestra Hall.

While I never missed a note or a move of the great artist at the piano on the stage, I glanced occasionally at Menuhin and was tremendously impressed in watching the reactions of one great artist to another's work. I have never encountered anything quite like it. Menuhin listened with probably a deeper appreciation of the great music to which he was listening than anyone else in that great audience. His concentration as the liquid tones came from the piano must have awakened within him the melodic response of his own violin.

I have never heard the piano played as it was played that evening, and I have heard all the great pianists of my generation, which goes back a long time. A large hulk of a man, with a fringe of white hair, seated at the great instrument with nothing else on the huge stage, was a picture which was implanted upon my memory for all of my life. He does not use the histronics of a Paderewski; there is no false movement of the hands, no shaking of the head, no looking about the stage or giving any evidence that there is a great audience before him. Poise is one of his great powers. The music was everything. As he bowed to receive the acclaim of the audience, it was given with dignity, while his exits and entrances during the evening were masterpieces of humility and reserve.

June and I both agreed it was the most remarkable musical experience we have ever had. We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Eitel, who is the head of the long time Chicago family of Eitel's. I have known them all through the years. Their contribution to the cultural and business life of Chicago is well known. Mr. Otto Eitel is the head of the Hotel Bismarck and is the one who, at Eitel's Palace Theatre, has presented the great Cinerama picture which for months has attracted thousands of Chicagoans.

Mr. Eitel had provided transportation for us from the Civic Opera House to the Bismarck Hotel, where we were to attend a reception given to the artist of the evening. We waited in the stage entrance for the transportation and as we waited Mr. Gieseking came out. We joined him and rode with him to the Bismarck. I noticed on this bitter cold night that those precious hands of his were exposed, for he wore no gloves. I remarked to him, "Don't you wear gloves in weather like this?" He said to me: "Never, never! I want my hands to be exposed to every condition so that I can always keep them flexible and under my control."

At the close of his concert he received seven different calls and played as many encores with a graciousness that won every heart there. For two hours and a half one man, at one instrument, had held in complete control more than 3000 people. That is great art and only great music and a great artist could do it.

I had an opportunity to chat with him during the evening and found that his philosophy of life was consonant with his interpretation of music. To have had this intimate acquaintanceship with one of the greatest of living artists and a man who is loved on every continent in the world was an inspiration for us which will abide in our hearts as long as life itself.

Every person who heard him play left the Opera House a better person and more highly equipped to live life on a high plane.

All of the inspiring influences of life do not come from ecclesiastical ceremonies or even church services, but wherever goodness and truth and beauty are projected, there is religion at its highest and its best.

"GETTING LIFE INTO FOCUS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, November 8, 1953

THERE is a camaraderie on a ship that probably does not exist anywhere else in life. You take two or three thousand people on a ship. Most of them have never met each other and have never spoken to each other. As you stroll, taking your daily walk around the decks of the ship or standing at the rail looking out to sea at a sunset, or seeing the golden beauty of a mellow moon come out to bathe the ocean in indescribable lovliness, very frequently you have no hesitancy whatever in commenting with any of the others or making some remark to them. It comes from the psychological environment of shipboard life. We would consider it unusual and a violation of the amenities of life were it to occur on the street or in a public building, or almost anywhere else except on shipboard. And one of the things which frequently happens on shipboard is, when you're standing at the rail of a ship, there may be another ship passing. You might be in mid-Atlantic and overtake another ship, as happened recently on a ship on which I was a passenger returning to America. I stood alongside the railing, and the ship upon which I was a passenger was overtaking that grand ship the America, which was the Key West in the war and which carried many of our boys to the war scenes. As we overtook the ship it was early morning, on a beautiful morning. I stood at the railing and a gentleman alongside of me had a pair of binoculars and he was looking at the America. It's a thrilling sight to see. I didn't have my binoculars with me, I had left them in our cabin, and I had no hesitancy whatever in turning to him and saying: "Would you mind if I took a look at the America through your binoculars? Mine are downstairs, and by the time I get down below and back I'm afraid we'll be by her!" And he said: "Not at all!" And he handed me his binoculars. And I looked through them and the America was blurred, and there wasn't the fine, keen, precision of view. I had to take my finger and thumb and move the little finder of his binoculars in order to clear up the America for myself. I had to put the binoculars in focus for my sight.

Life is like that! And that's what I had in mind when I thought about putting life into focus. No one can do it for us; no one can get the same sharpness and precision of view, except ourselves! Each one of us must put his own life into focus! It is not something which can be done by another; it's not something which is the result of a wish; it is not something that people usually think it is, when they want to change and revalue the experiences of their own lives! It is something which is within us! And I don't know where that is more beautifully illustrated than it was illustrated in the awareness which the Master had of the real character of Peter. There was Peter, rugged, impetuous, possessing a frightful temper, which he didn't seem able to control; a man of great rigidity; a man of great virility; a man of uncompromising qualities, and yet, the Master saw something in Peter that not a single external characteristic of

Peter would indicate! The last man in the world who would expect the responsibility which was placed upon him was Peter! And yet the penetrating, analytical capacity of the Master to see where other eyes cannot behold enabled Him to see this in Peter! There are people like that, who have the qualities of seeing what other eyes cannot see. And the Master, when He looked at this man, this rugged, working fisherman, said to him: "Simon! Simon, thou art Peter!" To the outside world he was Simon—the Simon of great will; the Simon of great critical capacity; the Simon of great force and great virility! But the Master saw something in that personality that no one else saw—"Simon, thou art Peter! Simon, there is something rugged and solid and substantial and powerful in thee, but *it is in thee* and *not out of thee!* It is *inside* thee!" And the Master, being the Master Psychologist that He was, and a psychiatrist who preceded all psychiatry with a modernity of understanding of the ills of the human spirit and the human soul two thousand years before the modern thinkers even came to terms with the problem, put His finger, as He always did, upon the one essential quality of the personality! And in this respect He revealed what is undeniably true—that the *secret* of the personality *is inner* and *not outer,* at all! That it is what we are on the inside that really puts life into focus; and the opportunity to give expression to our inner personalities, which are our real personalities, is the problem of life itself!

That's what we are all constantly doing! Each one of us is under the pressure of that inner imperative; each one of us has a little world in which he lives that is never shared with anyone; each one of us has within himself a sensitivity of value which startles ourselves sometimes when we're in the quiet and alone; each one of us has flashes of revelation which come to us occasionally as we work out the problems of our individual lives—and we see ourselves as we ought to be; we see what we should do with vicious temper, and people with bad tempers know it; we see what we should do in moments of great stress and confusion! We have moments of clarity, moments of precision when our binocular of life is put into focus by ourselves, and we see clearly. And the problem of life is how to take what we see, after we have executed the technique of putting it into focus, so that we can utilize it in our *external* expression, to the building of success and the greatness and dignity of life! It is the inner confusions that are in the way; it is the inner turmoils, the inner cynicisms, the inner conflicts that constitute our trouble—and when an individual gets his inner conflict adjusted and his loyalties properly regulated, life unfolds with victory! It is the inner personality that has kept us out of focus!

Never do I go to beautiful and lovely Kent that I don't go to Sunderland, and 2½ miles out of Sunderland is the thatched-roof cottage, ancient and beautiful, of the exquisite, great actress Ellen Terry. There she lived among her costumes and her books and her memories in this little cottage, vine-clad and beautiful. And as I stood one almost holy moment last summer and looked at her death mask as it rests there in her cottage—and is shown only to a few visitors—the beauty of her face and the beauty of her inner personality gave significance to every word she ever uttered and to all the beauty of her life. And I never can forget what she said one time about Sir Henry Irving, with whom she made that contribution to the theater that no television or radio will ever be able to project. She said that Sir Henry

Irving, the great master of his period, the great artist, the great projector of men's fashions in the theater, had an ambition as a young man, almost as a child, to become a great actor. And then as he matured into his teen-age era he discovered that he could not speak well; that he had a very unimpressive voice; he discovered that he was frightened of people and afraid of groups and crowds; he discovered that he was angular and could not walk gracefully; he discovered that he was self-conscious and could never use a natural gesture, and throughout all this experience the young Henry Irving had pounding away, pulsating, vibrating within his soul, the thought: "I want to be a great actor! But I have nothing—no external manifestation or quality at all!" And he didn't! He was one of the last people one would ever choose as having any prepossessing qualities for the greatness of a noble profession. And then Henry Irving, with the inner glow and the desire to put his own life into focus, that he might see clearly and perform well the profession which he chose, gradually overcame every obstacle—every one—until the unwelcomed voice became a voice to subdue the passions of men and to inspire the noble actions of people; until every gesture was but the personification of the character whom he was portraying in the theater; until his personality had so highly crystallized from his internal imperatives that he became, for all time, one of the greatest masters of the language I am now speaking! All of it was within Henry Irving! It was there when he was ten, and twelve, and fifteen—but it was in his soul! And when he put his life into focus the external manifestation of that which was within himself turned defeat into triumph and failure into victory!

Walking the streets of this city today, within themselves, imprisoned in jails of their own creation, thwarted, limited by their own creation, walk millions who are prisoners of life! Their lives are not in focus! They are permitting the non-essentials, the details; they are permitting the unimportant; they are permitting envy, jealousy, malice; they are permitting selfishness, pride, avarice; they are permitting despair, defeatism, cynicism to eat and corrode the sacredness of their own personalities, when *within themselves* is greatness and power and beauty that seeks release! Do you know that that is the trouble with the attitude of our teen-agers who are in difficulties such as we are having in our modern world everywhere—they're not confined to any city or any locality or any nation—this whole external manifestation of twisted internal spirits is universal. It's everywhere in the world; it's a part of some great world psychology that has settled down upon us! It's everywhere! It belongs to no city, or locality, no province—this manifestation of twisted internal spirits is universal.

Do you know the first question that every first-rate psychiatrist asks who has to do with the demoralization of a youthful personality? I'll tell you. "Sit down, young man; sit down, young woman. Tell me, what is the *one thing* in your life that you want to be? What do you want to be, young man?" And no matter what they have done; no matter what they're accused of; no matter what they're guilty of; no matter what the circumstances are, the first question is: "What do you want to be in life?" And they begin their remedial work with that patient with that answer! The answer is the cue! What do you want to do with life? "Simon! Simon, thou art Peter!" And it was the genius of the master psychiatrist of them all to touch the one

secret in the well-spring of the human personality—and Simon became Peter! And you can become you, your highest and your best self! Life is not repression! We have heard of the philosophy of repression; I am speaking now of *expression!* There is the expression of the internal self, and when it is on a great altitude and overlooks the whole expanse of life, that self-expression will be Peter! Peter—the you within you! Straighten *that* out, and victory is yours!

LET US!

Let us use courage, not impulse;
Let us be valiant, not bold;
Let us seek wisdom, not learning—
Let us mature, not grow old.

Let us not notice, but study;
Let us not stare, let us heed;
Let us not hope for, but pray for;
Let us not lecture, but lead.

Let us be humble, not lowly;
Let us be truthful, not sly;
And when the road roughens below us,
Let us not whimper, but cry!

Let us be kindly, not fawning;
Let us encourage, not shove;
And when Life's broad harvest surrounds us,
Let us not covet, but love!

Let us be noble, not pompous;
Let us not dream, but create;
And, giving the best that is in us,
Let us grow godly and great!

Frank H. Keith

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

ONE of the most tragic and yet most sublime figures in all history is the glimpse of Lincoln as he stands on the back platform of the train that pulled out of Springfield for Washington, when he was on his way to the inauguration. Catching a glimpse of the place destiny had carved out for him, and looking into the faces of his friends and neighbors who had gathered at the station to bid him farewell, Lincoln said:

"Let me live to prove that we can cultivate the natural world that is about us and the intellectual and moral world that is within us, so that we may secure an individual, social and political prosperity whose course shall be forward and which while the earth endures shall not pass away."

With these words he turned and entered his coach—and the rest is history. When those about him later in Washington tried to influence Lincoln to waver or make concessions or compromise, Lincoln stood like Gibraltar.

Abraham Lincoln knew eternal values. Out of the schoolhouse and depth of his own tragedies and his own sorrow came that great strength and that great poise. He could be quiet because he had known what storms meant. He could be loving because he had known what it meant to be loveless. He could be friendly because he knew what it meant to be friendless.

He sleeps—and yet is more alive than any of us. As the years pass and time goes on, other names will be forgotten, other personalities who grace the stage of action will have passed away. Other names will not even be a memory. They will have been washed out of the years. But one name, one name will be here. And when a new day has dawned for civilization, there will still be living, throbbing, breathing, vibrating, the noble heart of Abraham Lincoln. And as Lincoln looks down upon the earth he will be able to say:

"Ah! Right does make might, after all!"

THE MASTERPIECE

A blend of mirth and sadness
Of smiles and tears,
A quaint knight errant
Of the pioneers;
A homely hero
Of star and sod,
A peasant prince,
A masterpiece of God.

—Walter Malone

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

FOR several years I have always dreaded the month of January, so when I realized as I started this Mail Bag article that the calendar said January 14th, at first I was grateful to realize that half of the month was past. My next thought was, "How awful of me to be thankful that time is slipping away, considering the fact that I can't be here forever," vitamins to the contrary notwithstanding. But I always remember January as the dark, dismal month, in Chicago at least. When in former years I worked in a law office in the loop, we would often arrive there to find all the street lights on and would work all day by electric light. We would probably have had much snow and slush and sleet prior to January. Then when dark January would arrive, it would seem as though winter would never be over.

Now the days are getting longer; February will soon be here and we will hear those odd notes from the sparrows that foretell the advent of March—oh, it can't be so terribly long until springtime! Or am I just daydreaming?

Tuesday of this week I gave the continuation of the talk on Switzerland for the Professional and Business Woman's Club. Because previously, with the showing of the first half of the colored slides I had given a short talk on matters of general interest about Switzerland, I decided on this occasion to give some of the more personal information about a trip abroad. I brought to the platform exactly the same luggage which I took with me on the trip, including my pouch purse. I showed the car sack, told what I carried in it; how I could hang it on the door of my room and when I was stopping only for a night, need not unpack my clothing at all. I think part of the fun of taking any trip is the anticipation and the getting ready, so it seemed to me this might prove interesting.

On Wednesday evening I was attending a dinner meeting of my D.C. C.I. district organization. I sat next to Norbert D. McCue, head of Steel Dispatch Company of Gary, Indiana, who has been around the world and is contemplating a second such trip. I was telling him about demonstrating my baggage on Tuesday night and he surprised me by saying he had recently heard a talk under the auspices of a travel agency where the same thing had been done. I didn't quite know whether to feel chagrin that my idea wasn't mine alone, or to be gratified that the idea was considered good commercially, for I had thought I was originating the idea. Of course I should have remembered "there is nothing new under the sun." We just unearth or discover what is already there, or has been done before.

Because the luggage I carried is equally useful and advisable for use even on a two-weeks' vacation in this or any other country, I shall tell you a bit about it. The "Car-Sac" is made

of canvas (dark brown) and when opened up one can hang a dress on the hangers at full length. There are four hangers at one end of the sac. There is a very long flap to the sac which is zippered. When un-zippered it is possible to pull the skirts of the dresses outside the sac and hang the sac on a hook, letting the clothing hang free as though on closet hooks. There is a zippered compartment across the lower end, good for carrying shoes and other heavy equipment. I found this car-sac and a small overnight bag, together with a pouch purse which hung from my shoulder, sufficient for a ten-weeks' stay abroad. After the car-sac is packed, one may double it in two, hook it together and carry it just like an ordinary handbag. Both the car-sac and the overnight bag being canvas, they were not too heavy for me to carry when porters were not available, which was quite often the case in Switzerland. Never before did I travel in such a carefree and unencumbered state. And did I mention before, that although none of my baggage locked and was only closed by zippers, I did not lose one single item in all the ten weeks I was abroad.

There is one difficult problem which I have encountered because of my summer's trip to Switzerland. One trip just whet's one's appetite for another trip. Shall I strain my bank balance until the eagle screams, or shall I stay home and travel vicariously by typing up last summer's scribbled diary?

* * *

The first letter from the Mail Bag is from Blue Island and is evidence of the universality of the appeal which Dr. Bradley has for people. The letter will speak for itself.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We at this Burr Oak Home listen to you each Sunday: your choice language, your wisdom, your humor, your interpretation and demonstration of Love along with your perfect diction make the friends, who are mostly Catholic, feel that they want to listen to your voice and words of Truth. It's not always easy for me to blend graciously, but it is evidently a lesson a former Presbyterian must learn.

Dr. MacLaughlin, the nerve specialist, wanted me after my polio siege to be here under the head nurse, whom he knows, and who worked with him.

I'll write more later, but just now at Chrismas I wanted to say "Thank you" over and again for your wonderful words of Truth and your magnificent expression of Love.

I am a P. E. O.—a member of Chapter A—the sorority whose key words are Love and Education.

I long to be well enough to attend the People's Church and unite. May all blessings come to Mrs. Bradley and you!

With a big "Thank you" to you,

Gratefully yours,

Dr. Frances Snow.

* * *

From Springfield, Illinois, on stationery of the State Natural History Survey Division, Harlow B. Mills, Chief, came the following letter:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Before the shouting and tumult dies down and we sink back into complacency, I must tell you how very much we appreciated your kindness in addressing the banquet of the Midwest Wildlife Conference. Your talk was a wonderful experience. You told these people just what they should have heard, and a great many of them expressed their appreciation to me later for having had the opportunity to hear you.

Your efforts in making the Confer-

ence a success, and these efforts certainly were not small, are most sincerely appreciated.

Harlow B. Mills, Chief.

* * *

Dr. Bradley appreciated the Holiday message he received from Judge Miner of the Circuit Court of Illinois:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Judith and I are thinking of you this Holiday Season with a deep appreciation of our mutually devoted friendships and pleasant memories that have made our lives most enjoyable.

We hope and pray that the dawning New Year will bring to you and your loved ones, in full abundance, health, success and happiness.

Very sincerely yours,

Julius.

* * *

In recognition of help to the Graeme Stewart Parent-Teacher Association, Mrs. David Nathanson, the President, wrote:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I would like, on behalf of the members of the Graeme Stewart PTA, to express our thanks to you for appearing in our behalf at the budget hearing last Monday. Your reassuring words did much to change the thinking of many people both on the board and in the system itself. I feel more confident than before that we will gain by having appeared and appealed for understanding and help.

Our members are also working toward the organization of a community conservation committee and we hope we can have your support in this in the same measure as we did in our appeal for a solution to our school problem.

I would also in closing like to add my own personal thanks for the support you gave me in the hearings; it made my load so much lighter.

Mrs. David Nathanson.

Many letters came in to Dr. Bradley while he was appearing on Earl Nightingale's WGN-TV program, during Mr. Nightingale's two weeks' absence on vacation. They expressed gratitude for the program and a sincere wish for a continuation of Dr. Bradley on TV. WGN-TV Broadcast:

I turn on Channel No. 9 every morning at 11:30 a.m. to hear Earl Nightingale and Dr. Preston Bradley.

How wonderful if Dr. Preston Bradley could have some set time to be on television every day too, along with Earl Nightingale or on other channels, with constructive ideas and thoughts, such as Earl Nightingale's program.

I know many, many people would welcome it, to be sure!

Mrs. M. Seeley.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As constant listeners to your radio program for over 25 years, how refreshing it is to see and hear you on WGN-TV. We haven't missed a day watching and listening to the program. Would like to see you continue for a long time to come. We also visit your church whenever it is possible and always enjoy your sermon.

May the New Year bring you everything you wish for and we wish for you.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Husband.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Mother and I have been watching your broadcasts on TV at 11:30 this week and want to tell you how very much we enjoy them.

We have listened to you on radio for many years and have found deep and lasting inspiration in your sermons and talks. We both wish that you were on TV regularly. Your talks have everything—inspiration, news, philosophy,

psychology, theology and humor. What more could we ask? We would like to receive a copy of your closing thoughts. With ever best wishes and gratitude.

Pearl and Geraldine Glason,
Highland Park, Ill.

* * *

Mr. J. Harry Moore of Chicago, a former newspaper man, sends The Liberalist regularly to his sister in San Lorenzo, California. He sent us the following quotation from a letter he received from his sister:

"The November Liberalist received yesterday is about the best yet! Dr. Bradley's outline of the great work of Dr. Albert Schweitzer and his many gifts, as well as the story of the memorial to him at Churwalden, Switzerland, is a thrilling record. Also Dr. Bradley's part in the first session of the college grew into an inspired, as well as an informative message. He gave substance to the dream of the Albert Schweitzer College built around Dr. Schweitzer's great phrase 'Reverence for Life'—also the initiation of the dream in a setting of such natural grandeur with physical discomforts abounding, yet unnoticed because of the high inspiration of the undertaking. It made me want to be there too, as well as have part in the endeavor to find fitting furnishings. What a challenge! And then comes Miss Smalley, adding to the color and charm.

" 'Along the Way,' the Editorial, 'I Go to College,' 'Book Chats' and 'The Radio Mail Bag' have each outdone former departmentalized presentations. Maybe it was 'the hills, from whence cometh my strength.' "

Then Mr. Moore adds "How I wish my kid sister Jean could hear Dr. Bradley's forthcoming lecture on "The Greatest Thing in the World." She dotes on this little volume by Henry Drummond, as well as on the same author's work entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

* * *

Grace M. Adams of Chicago writes:

"Dr. Bradley, I don't really know how to express my gratitude for the wonderful help I have received by attending The Peoples Church and hearing your messages. During the past Spring and Summer I had a great sorrow. And yet, with your messages and prayers, this sorrow became something wonderful and beautiful. I want to thank you for helping me find my way back to God. I wish more people could know what a great comfort He is.

"I would love to attend your Christmas services, but I shall be unable to do so this year. I am going home to Michigan, to be with my family. Much to my sorrow I shall not even be able to hear your broadcast. The network there cannot pick up Chicago stations.

"Please forgive the awkward way in which I try to express how I feel. It is difficult to put it in words. I'm sure you will understand.

"May God reward your past work and guide you in your present and future service. God bless you both."

* * *

Ruth Schweig sent her little Prayer of Thanks from Lincoln, Nebraska:

Thank you, God, for this morning . . .
For this sunrise . . . gold and red.
Thank you for the clean breeze blowing
Across the heart I thought was dead.

Thank you for the tulips at my window
Standing tall and brave and bright.
Thank you for the birds' singing,
And for the glorious sight

Of silver raindrops dripping
From blossoming apple trees.
And for a soul awaking . . .
Thank you, thank you, God, for these!

* * *

Dr. Bradley appreciates every letter.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

(The following article is re-printed by permission from the Chicago Daily News of January 18, 1954)

A STRANGER GOES TO CHURCH

BY CARLETON IHDE

CHEER, DON'T JEER DR. BRADLEY URGES

IF subzero weather is the acid test of a minister's drawing power, Dr. Preston Bradley passed the test with flying colors Sunday.

At least a thousand persons flocked to the Peoples Church, 941 W. Lawrence, for the 11 a.m. service although it was one of the coldest Sundays on record.

Countless others heard Dr. Bradley's sermon "Do You Cheer or Do You Jeer?" broadcast over WJJD.

The sermon was closely patterned after Dr. Bradley's philosophy for great preaching: "Send people out better equipped to meet life."

People should strive for a positive, not a negative, personality, the minister said.

* * *

"I WOULD rather have a positive personality," he continued, "than all the money in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. I know my life will be rich if I have a constructive, not a destructive, attitude.

"See good where it seems impossible. An affirmative attitude will have a mystical influence on your life for good.

"If you cannot cheer, remain silent rather than jeer. I have never known a constant bickerer who was not eventually a failure in life."

Many physical problems result from physical disturbances, the minister said. "What you do to life is vastly more important than what life does to you."

DR. BRADLEY gave the sermon before two microphones in the theatre-like sanctuary of the church. There are comfortable cushioned seats for 1,700 persons on the main floor and two balconies, but frequently his sermons have to be piped to overflow crowds in the basement auditorium, he said.

Worshipers from Canada, Sweden, Massachusetts and California (to pick a few far-away names at random from Sunday's guest register) attested to Dr. Bradley's reputation as a globe-trotting minister, editor-author and lecturer.

* * *

HE GAVE his first sermon 50 years ago as a 15-year-old high school senior in the Linden (Mich.) Presbyterian Church, where he still retains membership.

He since has crossed the Atlantic 38 times. He has spoken a record 30 years on the radio.

He founded the Peoples Church in 1912 and almost singlehandedly built its present edifice in 1925 at a cost of $750,000.

* * *

NO CROSS appears in the church. Busts of Abraham Lincoln and Ralph Waldo Emerson on the rostrum reflect the church's affiliation with Unitarianism in 1923.

"My religion is this," Dr. Bradley said. "I believe in the reality of God and the unimpeachable leadership of Jesus. The highest religion is that which unites men."

BOOK CHATS

"THE people of the world have bound thmselves together. Through the interchange of ideas and goods human beings everywhere have become dependent on countless others in all parts of the world. The way of life of the Eskimos in Baffin Island, the early Stone-Age aborigines still living in Central Australia, the workers on a collective farm in the Ukraine, the Rockettes in Radio City, the workers on a Ford assembly line, the publishers of great newspapers —everyone, whoever he is, whatever his occupation, wherever he lives, is affected in his way of life, is dependent for his way of life, on the thoughts, activities, and work of more people in more parts of the world than he can possibly reckon. Now, as never before, we are literally 'all members one of another.' This fact is so readily demonstrated, it is so universal, that it is hard to see why so many of us think and feel and act as if it were not true."

The above words are from the introduction to *The World's Good,* and are the words of the author of the book, Carleton Washburne, author also of *A Living Philosophy of Education* and *What Is Progressive Education,* and others.

His latest book, *The World's Good* is aimed at teachers in America, from kindergarten to university, and at parents and all leaders of youth. In a broad sense, all of us can consider ourselves leaders of youth—leaders in the examples we set. This, to my mind, makes the book important to all of us.

Mr. Washburne's book declares it is the "sacred duty and inestimable privilege" of everyone concerned with the education of children and young people to help them get the vision of world-wide co-operation for world-wide well-being.

The book eloquently presents the facts of the common unity of man, of world interdependence, the value of differences, the bases of prejudice, ideological conflict, and war. It is a very practical book and suggests things teachers can do to help children and youth grow up fit for the world they have to live in.

Carleton Washburne, the author of *The World's Good,* is Director of the Division of Graduate Studies and of the Teacher Education Program, of Brooklyn College. Mr. Washburne claims "In the world's good is your own and in yours, the world's."

The second part of the book is devoted to glimpses of the United Nations at work. It tells exactly what it is doing all over the world. Not vague theory about what ought to be done, but concrete samples of jobs finished or well under way. The book is filled to overflowing with human interest. There are sources of materials which teachers can use in class room and in student activities freely cited. Special attention is given to: The Declaration of Human Rights; The Children's Emergency Fund; The World Health Organization; The Food and Agricultural Organization; UNESCO and, very important, The Technical Assistance Program.

So important is this book and so filled with information that those who have closely watched the United Nations will still find much they never

knew. Those who have doubted whether the U. N. is accomplishing anything will doubt no more after reading this book. Even the narrow few who may object to teaching about the U. N. in the schools will be silenced and no teacher need lack the ability or the means to teach the greatest and most urgent subject of today—world-mindedness for every girl and boy.

For the greater education of every citizen this book is important. Our young people of today who are cognizant of the world situations, economically and socially, will be in line for world opportunities later on. Parents need to keep abreast of what is going on in the world in order to be most helpful to their young people. We older people need the same information in order to be effective in our daily lives and in all our actions.

"The World's Good" is a worthwhile book for discussion in study groups. The chapter headings in Part I of the book are: The Individual—Social Integration—Prejudice—Democratic Living in School—Realization of World-Wide Interdependence—Our Common Humanity—The Value and Understanding of Differences—Ideological Conflict—War.

Following are the chapter headings in Part II: The United Nations—Commission on Human Rights—UNICEF—World Health Organization—The Food and Agricultural Organization—UNESCO in Action—An Over-All View of UNESCO—Technical Assistance—Patriotism and World-Mindedness.

There are Appendices giving ready-reference and reading material and a very fine and thorough index to the book itself.

I quote briefly from the chapter on "Our Common Humanity." "Rosetti spoke truly when he wrote: 'And all mankind is thus at heart not anything but what thou art.' The words, 'at heart,' are essential, for certainly, in ways of thought and ways of action, there are innumerable differences among human beings. But our deep underlying needs, our fundamental desires, our basic feelings are the same in all nations and cultures.

"We all need food, protection against the elements, ways to keep alive and healthy. We all seek knowledge and understanding. We all generalize and communicate. We all want marriage. We all have a protective and affectionate feeling toward children. We all act with kindness when we are face to face with another human being needing our help. We all respond to beauty in form and color and sound. We all want recreation and fun. We all share the three emotional needs of self-expression, security and social integration.

"When man is frustrated in his efforts to satisfy these needs and yearnings—or when he fears that he will be deprived of such satisfactions as he has achieved—negative reactions, opposite tendencies, manifest themselves. Fear, hatred, and aggressive drive toward power arise in almost every society. But while in outward expression these tendencies are the antithesis of the positive ones, their roots are in the common urge toward life, and fullness of living.

"One who is fortunate enough to travel widely, if he travels with his eyes open, is continually struck by mankind's likeness at heart."

In the early part of his book Mr. Washburne stresses a sense of security; first of all advocating teachers who have a large degree of inward emotional security. He then explains how parents can contribute to the teacher's sense of security.

"Besides a warm, friendly environment and a secure teacher, a third element that can contribute to the

child's security in school is the attitude of his fellows. Teachers who realize their responsibility in regard to the development of the security of their children make every effort to help children to value each other, to appreciate each other's varying backgrounds, personalities, interests and strengths, to be tolerant of each other's weaknesses."

He speaks at some length about the inequity of the system of expecting every child to be at the same age of maturity because of having reached the same number of years in life, and to have the same range of abilities in every study as every other child of the same age. He speaks strongly for recognition of individual differences in order to establish a sense of security in the child.

"By expecting of each child accomplishment at his own level of ability and maturity in each phase of his schoolwork, and letting him feel that honest effort is crowned with success, schools and colleges can make a lasting contribution to his security. To expect a child to do a piece of work for which he is not yet mentally ready, and then, in spite of his best efforts, to stigmatize him by a low grade, is a diabolically clever method of undermining his sense of security."

Anyone reading Carleton Washburne's book *The World's Good,* published on January 4th by the John Day Company will be rewarded in a broader understanding of young people's needs in this day and age. They will also gain a great deal of information about the world in which we live and be brought up to date on important events and trends of world-wide importance.

FREE COURSE IN CHILDREN'S WORK

The Chicago Public Library, in cooperation with the Parent-Teachers Association, will offer its annual course in children's work during the month of February. The course is planned as an aid to mothers and persons preparing for work with children's groups, either in the individual home or in community projects. Certificates will be awarded by the P.T.A. to those completing the course at an annual meeting of the group in the Spring.

Two courses are scheduled, one for persons interested in children in the elementary school age group, and the other for those concerned with the high school age group. The courses consist of six sessions, and will be conducted by trained children's librarians, members of the library staff.

Call the Library for the location of the Branch nearest you. The course will include discussions of books for parents and for children, story telling instruction, book games, finger plays for use with younger children, songs for pre-school and nursery group, and simple dramatizations with minimum equipment. The course will help you understand the adolescent and in turn help him to understand his problems.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY RECEIVED JANUARY 3, 1954

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ahlskog
Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Brohman
Mrs. Abbie Burr
Mr. Roger Endaub
Miss Lorraine D. Grimans
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gross
Mr. and Mrs. John Gunn
Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Kahn
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Manheimer, from First Parish Church, Cohasset, Massachusetts
Miss Frieda Dorothy May
Mr. Carl F. Sorensen, of Crown Point, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Storbeck

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

Dr. Bradley will be absent from the pulpit for two Sundays—February 21 and 28 and also for two book lectures—February 17 and 24.

He has invited the Reverend Waldemar Argow, Minister of the Peoples Church, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to take over all of his activities during his absence.

Mr. Argow is the minister of the church of his boyhood, and where his father, Dr. W. Waldemar W. Argow, was the minister.

Mr. Argow has been minister of his church since 1944 and has had one of the most successful ministries in the denomination. He is a graduate of Antioch College and Harvard, Class of 1941. He has been actively engaged in civic and cultural activities of Cedar Rapids and the State of Iowa during his pastorate there. He has engaged in dramatic activities in Antioch and Harvard. Dr. Bradley has known the family for many years and has been introduced by Mr. Argow on lecture appearances in Iowa.

Mr. Argow is an excellent speaker and is the author of two books. It is hoped that large congregations will attend the services and the book lectures while he is our guest minister.

He will be available during the two weeks for all the pastoral activities and can be reached daily through the church office.

FEBRUARY SERMON SUBJECTS AND BOOK LECTURES

By Dr. Bradley

Wednesday, Feb. 3—8:00 p.m.: "RELEASE FROM NERVOUS TENSION".
David Harold Fink, M.D.

Sunday, Feb. 7—11:00 a.m.: "THE AGELESS LINCOLN"
7:00 p.m.: Subject to be announced

Wednesday, Feb. 10—8:00 p.m.: "THE MIND ALIVE". Harry and Bonaro Overstreet

Sunday, Feb. 14—11:00 a.m.: "THE GREATEST MAN ALIVE"
7:00 p.m.: Subject to be announced

By Rev. Waldemar Argow

Wednesday, Feb. 17—8:00 p.m.: "FIRE IN THE ASHES". Theodore White

Sunday, Feb. 21—11:00 a.m.: "HOW TO TALK TO YOURSELF"
7:00 p.m.: "THE IMPORTANCE OF FORGETTING"

Wednesday, Feb. 24—8:00 p.m.: "THE CASE FOR LIBERAL RELIGION"
Waldemar Argow

Sunday, Feb. 28—11:00 a.m.:
"HOW CAN RELIGION HELP US IN TIMES LIKE THESE?"
7:00 p.m.: "WHY I HAVE TO BE AN OPTIMIST!"

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

2—Meeting Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
4—Address. State Convention I.W.L.A., Hibbing, Minnesota.
5—Luncheon of Friends of Literature, Art Institute.
6—Two Services, Peoples Church.
7—Funeral.
Address. Christmas Message, Chicago Woman's Club.
8—Luncheon with Herbert S. Simpson of Natl. Engineering Co.
Address. Chicago Historical Society. Christmas Party of Americanization Classes of Board of Education.
9—Funeral of Thomas Curtis Clark.
Book Review, Peoples Church.
10—Address. League of American Pen, Women. Swedish Club.
Reception. Friends of the Public Library. Chicago Public Library.
Address. Mid-West Wild Life Conference, Morrison Hotel.
11—Address. Central Uptown Assoc. Chamber of Commerce, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
13—Two Services. Peoples Church.
14—Address. Annual Dinner, First Methodist Church, Kenosha, Wis.
15—Address. Men's Club, Morgan Park Methodist Church.
16—Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
17—Sick calls.
18—Pressed button in Tribune Tower that started Christmas Chimes all over the loop. Broadcast on radio and TV.
Called at Northwestern University Settlement to pay respects to Harriet Vittum.
Address. Church School Christmas Party.
19—Two funerals.
Address. Christmas Party, Jack Patton Associates, Sheraton Hotel.
Sick calls.
20—Two Services, Peoples Church.
Morning Service.
Annual Candle Light Service.
21—Wedding.
Candle Light Service repeated.
23—Address. Opening Program on WGN-TV, Channel 9. Earl Nightingale program.
Two funerals.
24—Address. WGN-TV-9.
Annual Christmas Eve Service, Peoples Church.
25—Address. WGN-TV-9.
Last night's Christmas Eve service re-broadcast, WJJD.
Address. WBBM-TV-2 with Bob Elson.
26—Three weddings.
Address. 50th Anniversary, Chicago Fire, Iroquois Theatre.
27—Two Services, Peoples Church.
WGN Press Conference, with Arch. Carey, U.S. 1st Alt. Delegate to United Nations, Dr. Morris Fishbein, Jack Brickhouse, and the President of Huyler's.
28—Address. WGN-TV-9.
Two funerals.
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
29—Address. WGN-TV-9.
30—Funeral.
Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address. Salesmen's Institute, Radison Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.
31—Address. WGN-TV-9.
Two weddings.
Mid-Night Watch Service, Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

7—Mr. Dalla M. Schultz
9—Thomas Curtis Clark
19—John A. Fucik
Mrs. Clara Kearns
23—Mrs. Pauline A. Dose
Norman Barnum
28—Leo C. Hoffman
Andrew C. Jensen
30—Bessie V. Hall

WEDDINGS

21—Carolyn Bopp and Milos Stejskal
26—Eleanor Ghiotto and Louis D. Hasenstadt
Lucetta Smith and Robert Stern
Lelen Ives Tessier and Harold John Coppersmith
31—Veryl Pope and James Adair
Virginia Cefaeles and Kenneth P. Collings

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director, Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast. Question Box ..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, February 1, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
Literature Department, Letters and Poetry of
Edna St. Vincent Millay, by Helen O'Brien
Monday, February 15, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
Annual Birthday Party and Reception to New Members
American Home Department: "The Value of Humor"—
Abe Lincoln, The Man Who Could Laugh at Himself,
by Caroline Thomas Harnsberger
Men's Club—Tuesday, February 23rd, Program to be announced ..... 8:00 p.m.
(Men's Club meeting night has been changed from 4th Monday to 4th Tuesday of the month)
Professional and Business Woman's Club,
February 9th—Program to be announced ..... 8:00 p.m.
Uptown Player's Drama Tea—Sunday, February 14th, Anderson Hall ..... 4:00 p.m.
Scenes from Famous Plays by Geoffrey Lardner and Jane Lillie
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*
Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Friday ..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium—New Members
Welcomed ..... 8:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO AND TV SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service ..... 11:00 a.m.—12:00 noon
WGN-TV—Channel 9—Every weekday ..... 12:45 p.m.

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The Peoples Church of Chicago,
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